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PASCHALL'S

PILGRIMAGE.

A Philosophical Poem

IN THREE CANTOS,

EXEMPLIFYING THE UPS AND DOWNS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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Oct. 18
1858

"Thus, ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation,
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

GAY'S FABLES.

"When Satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remoter ages lives."

CHURCHILL.

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Publisher's Notice.

It is hoped that the quaint title of this book will not lead any one to suspect that the author intended to imitate *Lord Byron*.—A very slight inspection will make it evident that there is but little resemblance between "Paschall's Pilgrimage" and the Pilgrimage of "Childe Harold." The candid reader must decide which work deserves the preference. Byron, perhaps, may have been the better poet, but Paschall is unquestionably the more benevolent man. The former railed at every thing, and discovered a universal misanthrophy;—the latter even when compelled to use the horse-whip of the satirist, does it with so much kindness and good humor,—that the party castigated will be tempted to cry out, "hit me again!"—Both "Pilgrimages" (viz. Paschall's and Harold's) are literary oddities,—but every candid observer must admit that Paschall's is the more *unique* of the two,—for it has no prototype, and no family likeness to any other production of human intellect. This circumstance we suppose will constitute a claim to public notice, and we hope that the reader, before he arrives at "Finis" will discover that originality is not the *only* merit—nor even the principle one,—of our amiable and facetious Pilgrim, the "moral of whose strain" we take to be far superior to that of many other poems of much higher pretensions.

PASCHALL'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO I.

Subject.

Paschall's Perplexity. His anxious search for a hero. He discovers a great abundance of heroes but few of the right sort. He fixes on one at last, and congratulates himself on his choice. Invocation. Paschall describes his hero (*i. e.*, himself,) by telling what he is not. He refers to his occupation, but leaves the reader to guess what it is. Panegyric on the newspaper Press. He encourages advertising except for matrimonial purposes. Monsieur Zouave; alias Riviere. Good advice to young ladies and to lovers in general. Conclusion of Canto I.

Dedication.

Each truth here spoken and each word of power,
To guide the weak, and soothe the sorrowing hour,
All in my song that 's noble, good and pure
All that shall live, or merits to endure
To later days,—I as a tribute bring
To one most lov'd, and for whose ear I sing;
One who a sanctuary all her own
Keeps in the inmost chamber of my breast,
Where, shrin'd apart from every other guest,
She reigns for aye, unrivall'd and alone.
Yes, others may be dear, but not like *thee;*
Inspirer of my earliest burst of song,
And earliest love,—two gifts that all in vain
Another, though beloved, might ask from me;
These none can win,—nor I bestow again;
For thee they bloom'd, to thee alone belong.

'Twas thine to prove affection's constant power,
When by my side, in pain or sorrow's hour;
And when did pain or sorrow e'er appear,
To cloud my soul, but thou wast fondly near?
'T was thy blest influence confirm'd my feet
In that straight path where truth and virtue meet;
And thy example as my guide was given
To show how Christians must attain their Heaven!

My descant then to thee I consecrate,
And calmly now the world's decision wait;
Nor the approval crave of bard or sage,
While thine with blessings rest upon my page;
Yet, as with this, my lay, is blent thy name,
I would that, for *thy* sake, capricious fame
Should set it mid immortal things of earth,
To faintly tell my love,—and, fainter yet, thy worth.

CANTO I.

"A hero wanted,"—Let it not surprise,
When in such terms great poets advertise.
For heroes worthy of the epic strain
Are sought for anxiously, and oft in vain.
Hence many a mighty bard is quash'd no doubt,
For want of something fit to write about.

To men of words, and those of deeds we find
Two separate tasks the public has assign'd.
For instance, 'tis the hero's part to *act,*
The poet's task is to *relate* the fact.
And if no hero happens to be found,
The luckless poet is to silence bound,
Genius alone no glorious work can do;
The child of song must have MATERIAL too.

If Homer seem a better bard than Willis,
It is because the last has no Achilles;
And if our modern poems all seem flat,
Want of good subjects must account for that.

'Tis not denied that much heroic stuff,
Is still extant, we 've Captains quite enough,
Colonels and Generals too;—but the objection
Is want of the *poetical complexion.*
As every emperor is not a Nero,
So every fighting-man is not a hero.
He may be wise in counsel, brave in battle,
And make his foeman run like frightened cattle;
He may be crowned with journalistic glory,
And yet not fit to shine in epic story.
A hero for this use must be romantic,
Eccentric,—somewhat soft and somewhat frantic.
Of all the doughty warriors of our times
None are exactly suited to my rhymes.

Moreover, I prefer a peaceful theme
And hate the sound of fierce Bellona's scream;
A tranquil life to me more grateful far
Than all the "pomp and circumstance of war."
Oh let my favor'd hero, when he 's found,—
With olive and with ivy wreaths be crown'd;
To peace and science let him pay his vows
And wear their clustering honors on his brows.

Your novel hero never can be mine,
Nor choose I one in the dramatic line:
No sentimental rogue who boasts the art
To steal a lady's pocket-book or heart;—
No handsome bandit, roaming in disguise,
Who writes soft sonnets and the pistol plies;
To-day experiences a lover's sorrow,
And pays due penance in the jail to morrow;
No gallant youth, of character august,
Whom girls admire and tailors will not trust,—

Rich in assurance, whiskers and moustach,
But poor enough in modesty and cash.
No—none of these, though fashion's stamp they bear,
Shall win my favor and my laurels wear.
Others in such commodities may trade,
And find a score of heroes ready made;
But I, resolv'd a hasty choice to shun,
Must have a sterling article, or none.
Inspire me, Phœbus, with a lucky thought
And show me how the precious game is caught.
"A hero wanted!"—(here 's a plan to try,)
"No vagabond or villain need apply."
Should I this daily advertisement set,
In some high charging Ledger or Gazette,
To signify my need of some renown'd
And virtuous mortal, worthy to be crown'd
With fame's best chaplet; very much I fear
The card might be inserted for a year,

(Making a fearful draft upon my coffer)
Before the proper gentleman would offer.

Hence, to economise my cash and time,
And find a ready subject for my rhyme,
I, Paschall, choose a more sagacious plan,
And make *myself* the celebrated man!
Myself I sing,—my own adventures,—acts,
Thoughts, observations; some surprising facts
As yet untouch'd in rhyme and scarce in prose,
On cheap and easy terms I now disclose;
Great philosophic truths will I dispense,
And, better still,—good wholesome COMMON SENSE;
The cream of worldly wisdom,—dispossess'd
Of which, philosophy 's skim'd milk at best:
Good counsel, I, in lucid verse incase,
Like healthful physic in a crystal vase.
And in these stirring times when every man
Should be as brisk and useful as he can,

A double duty I attempt to do,
By acting thus as bard and hero too.
A noble combination !—Though of late
Two trades of one we frequently create
As, when a pair of artists we employ
To make a lady's fan or baby's toy ;
A better plan is mine, and different quite,
For I two useful trades in one unite :
Bard-like, instructive precepts I bestow,
And good examples, like a hero, show.

Oh truth !—if true it is that thou dost dwell
In some obscure and subterranean cell,
Proscrib'd and banish'd by the human race,
Who like thee not and doom thee to disgrace;
Bright being, come !—my invocation hear,—
And in the purest light of heaven appear !
Rise from thy gloomy, uncongenial den,
Be present with me, and direct my pen.

I revel not in fancy's rainbow beams,
Nor make excursions to the land of dreams:
To weave the web of fiction is not mine,
Nor in extravagant conceits to shine,
Far different paths my present themes pursue,
Still aiming at the *practical* and *true*.

In stirring scenes of life have I been nurs'd,
An active man of business from the first.
I "lisp'd in NUMBERS,"—*mine* were all prosaic,
Being arithmetical or algebraic.
(My *rhyming* faculties, like huge oak trees,
Came late, and were develop'd by degrees.)
I never had an inclination strong,
For doing nothing, or for doing wrong.
No "strenuous idleness" my youth employed;—
My sleepy neighbors never were annoy'd
By any desperate efforts, on my part,
To learn the fidler's or the flutist's art.

No horrid discord from my chamber rose
To swell the catalogue of human woes;
The peaceful slumbers of the babe to break,
And bid the sick man to his misery wake.
Gunning I loved not;—that ignoble strife
Which robs the weak and innocent of life.
Nor seldom sought I, with the baited hook,
To slay the shining people of the brook.
More trifling than the bird he shoots, is he
Who kills the chirping sparrow on the tree;
More thoughtless than the gudgeon he betrays,
The idler who in angling spends his days.
Not such were *my* pursuits. To business bred,
A harmless and a useful life I led.
But sensitive,—as youth is apt to be,—
I often felt, with keen severity,
The misconstructions and the harsh address
Of men who freely their own thoughts express.

Let all such candid folks remember still
That "they who speak their thoughts should think no ill."
Sometimes my darling friends, by contradiction,
Caused me embarrassment and much affliction.
Though for their good advice I felt indebted,
Yet still their counsels puzzled me and fretted;
For good advice is often hard to take,
Like physic which the "patent doctors" make:
Hard it may be to swallow down the pill,
And the effects, perhaps, are more distressing still.
Friendly advice and patent physic, each
May fail the source of our distress to reach;
Each may be very useful in its place,
But bad if not adapted to our case.

Well counsell'd by the friends I most respected,
My worldly avocation I selected.
But what profession 't was that pleas'd me best,
By knowing ones may possibly be guess'd:

It was an *honest* trade, (pray do not doubt it,)
With nothing like "bamboozlement" about it.
Ergo, 't was not the sale of Yankee clocks,
Nor yet a brokerage in "fancy stocks;"
'T was not a bubble Life Insurance scheme,
And no new plan for hatching eggs by steam.
And mine was not that sort of speculation
Which most disturbs the comfort of this nation,
That naughty food-monopolizing trade,
By which stupendous fortunes may be made;
When soulless men, to make their business thrive,
An artificial scarcity contrive,—
Packing away the sugar, corn, or flour,
In reservation for some future hour,
When scant supplies the value shall augment,
And raise the prices twenty-five per cent.
While in proportion with the profits, rise
The sufferings of the wretched toiling train
Who lift to heaven their supplicating eyes
In mute appeal, that shall not plead in vain.

I tried no speculation of that sort,
Nor other fraudulent device, in short;
I sold "no prime green tea," in Jersey made
Of burdock leaves, to suit the city trade;
And in no apparatus did I deal,
For changing saw-dust to the best corn-meal;
Nor ever, by a transmutation handy,
Chang'd I bad whiskey to the best French brandy.
The Liquor Trade, with all its murderous tricks,
I dedicated to the shores of Styx.
Detested traffic!—can no force withstand
Thy devastations in this favor'd land?—
Must patriots, preachers, moralists succumb
And bow submissive to the power of *Rum?*
Must "Liquor Leagues" the ballot-box control,
The press o'crawe, and magistrates cajole;
Public opinion, decency defy,
And make our Christian land an Epicurean sty?
For every church,—for every school, behold
A hundred grog shops rise!—Active and bold

These deadliest foes of liberty and law,
Around our youth their fatal meshes draw.
Familiarized with vice in every shape,—
How shall the artless and the young escape?
Allur'd to crime by worse than fiendish craft,
And, maddened by the alcoholic draught,
Riot and wild disorder must be rife,
Murder must brandish still the gleaming knife,
The skulking felon must the torch apply,
And blazing homes illume the midnight sky.
When good men stand inactive, unconcerned,
The laws must be contemn'd, religion spurned,
Faction and violence must rage uncheck'd,
And Freedom must infallibly be wreck'd.
No more amazing sight have I surveyed,
Than virtue crush'd, and liberty betrayed;
While "worthy, sober citizens" stand by
In reckless, senseless, soulless apathy!

But, (not to be too tedious in digression,)
I chose a decent and a fair profession.
And next, I labor'd with a good design
To make my name before the public shine:
For fame is coveted by men pacific,
As well as warriors ruthless and terrific.
Tradesmen, as well as generals and colonels,
Love to be glorified in public journals.
The difference is,—the last are puff'd "free gratis,"
While business-men must *pay—superque satis*,
For when the journals *give* away their praise,
'T is for some worthless article, always;
E. g. a naughty play,—a high-heeled dancer,—
A stupid poet, or a weak romancer;
But when a thing *deserves* their approbation,
Cash is the word, or else no commendation.
Oft have I stood, with wide dilated eyes,
A living picture of intense surprise,—
To see an editor of great pretension,
Whose name I courteously forbear to mention,—

One much esteemed,—a most accomplished scholar,—
Eager as any cab-man for a dollar;—
Ready to puff imposture, folly, vice,—
"At shortest notice and the lowest price."!
Hail to the Press!—in spite of all objections,
It claims our gratitude and warm affections.
Tremendous power!—for either good or ill,
'T is thine to rule this proud Republic still.
In church and state thy voice potential sounds,
Dismays the timid and the bold confounds:
Traitors, who law and justice would deride,
Fain from the lightnings of thy wrath would hide;
Corruption cowers, when thou in awful state
To judgment comest,—for thy doom is fate.
The guilty wretch beneath thy sentence bends,
No daring advocate his cause defends;—
His proud career in hopeless ruin ends.
But, slandered worth from foulest stains to free,
Rests with no earthly arbiter but thee.

In every home's familiar circle found,—
To every hearth thou com'st, with welcome crown'd.
The gorgeous mansion owns thy presence dear,
That presence penury's bare walls can cheer;
Thine is the soothing, the enlivening power
O'er labour's rest and fashion's listless hour.
Much too has he of *lofty happiness*,
Whose mission is to rule and guide the press.
'T is often his to soothe some mourner's mood,
To brighten some lone spirit's solitude;
Kindle a smile on grief's consuming cheek,
And hope reviv'd, to hearts despairing, speak.
To-day, perchance, he reads some thought again,
That in past times sprung freshly from his brain:
He greets that thought, which brings before his sight
Old memories cloth'd in garnitures of light;
Not now the glow he feels which warm'd him then,
What time those thoughts flow'd joyous from his pen;
For, trained and hardened in the world's harsh school,
That pen he moves by sterner, colder rule.

Yet, he rejoices that the thought was traced
Ere from the tablets of his soul effaced,—
And muses, if, when dwells he with the dead,
This thought its light o'er living hearts shall shed?
Yes, it may onward speed,—as brightly glide
As any wave, on journalistic tide;—
When, midst the dust, in one low trampled heap,
Monarchs, their laws and proclamations, sleep.
Oh! 't is a sweet and glorious boon to know
That, when we pass from busy scenes below,
All is not mortal that is left behind;
But, some recorded sparkling of the mind
Shall nobly mark our place among mankind!
Even thus, each grand conception to enshrine,
Through years,—Oh genius of the Press, is thine!

And I have felt t'is wisdom's part to use
Thy mighty trump, my message to diffuse;
With thy strong voice my enterprise to sound,
And spread my name and purposes around;

Thus thousands have a path to fortune found,
Whose names and plans oblivion else had drown'd;
And he, who craves to share in their success,
Like them, must speak his mission through the Press.
Yet some this noble privilege debase,
And blazon forth their folly and disgrace—
Such they, who, through the advertising page,
Seek for life's journey partners to engage;
The worst contrivance ever thought of yet,
A worthy husband or a wife to get:
For they, who would respond to such a call,
Must be in desperate circumstances, all;
And he, who thus the nuptial lottery tries,
Is sure to gain a blank, and not a prize.
Imposture hears the donkey's well known bray,
And seizes on her voluntary prey,
Who blindly drains the cup ere he can know
If it with balm or deadly venom flow.

Can pity sigh o'er such alliance fit,
As heart corrupt with head devoid of wit?
We scorn the sheepish bachelor, (poor dunce!)
Who sparks the female public all at once,
Popping the question generally indeed,
To all the ladies who the Ledger read;
If he should wreck his hopes and prospects thus,
He claims no human sympathy from us.

A fascination stranger still beguiles
Columbia's daughters, who bestow their smiles
On foreign suitors,—men of lofty claims,
With hideous whiskers and discordant names,—
Von Smuggledorf, Krinklekumkanski, or
Brobabodogovitchsigknockador,
Knaves all, perhaps, whom their own lands disown,
Who best can flourish where they least are known;
Felons, from trans-atlantic jails escap'd,
Whose course to poor America is shap'd

To captivate the daughters of our land,
With spurious titles and pretensions grand,
With copper jewelry and brazen faces,
And many queer outlandish airs and graces;
They charm the artless Yankee girls, perhaps,
And catch them, too, in matrimonial traps.
Fresh in our memory is that strange affair
Of Monsieur Zouave—alias Riviere;
Who played the foreign count, an heiress won,
Beguil'd *la mere* and then prepared to run:—
But ah!—too soon develop'd was the plot;
His countship, his nobility forgot,
Fled like a common rogue,—a region sought
Where bull frogs, and not heiresses are caught.
There, in a sailor's "round-about" disguis'd,
And gingham shirt, poor Monsieur was surprised!
When by a cruel constable o'er haul'd,
The gallant Gaul considerably was gall'd;

Startled, amaz'd, shock'd, horrified, distress'd,
His sad emotions thus the Count express'd:—
"Oh me have left no place where for to go,—
I cannot change myself but zey vill know!
I shave my visker, cut my beard avay:—
I pull off long tail'd coat and vescoat gay:
I put on sailor jacket;—all in vain!
Zey catch me still, and fetch me back again.
Vat for ze peeples parsecoot me so?
I 'ave turn honest,—two, tree days ago.
I will not be ze dashing Count no more,
But catch ze leetle frog, just like before,
And make my dinnare so:—for dat my trade is
And no more vill I spark de Yankee ladies.
Yes, I vill try good citizen to make me!
If so, ze lawyer-man vill not come take me."—
Regardless of this pitiful petition,
The ruthless officer performed his mission.

May all the foreign hawks who come to snare
Our pretty pigeons, rue it like Reviere!
But still remember, girls, that good old sentence:
"A hasty marriage brings a slow repentance."

To them who dread a life of grief and choler,
John Halifax, (a gentleman and scholar,)
This token gives, that all who wed may know
Whether the tie be knit for joy or woe;—
"In marriage must be unity of aim,
One faith,—one love,—or wedlock's but a name:
No holy pledge,—a civil contract, merely."
This hint of Halifax I like sincerely,
And recommend it with my best respects,
To all my love-lorn friends of either sex.

Here let us pause:—and let reflections sage
Awhile our reader's faculties engage.
Wisdom in moderate doses should be taken,—
(Hence, every sage adviser is a Lacon.)

In *drops* the sapient counsel is prescrib'd,
For if, in larger quantities imbib'd,
Like opiate drugs,—it might the eye-lids close
In stupefaction, or a dull repose.
Mindful of this,—we cautiously must dole
Instruction out;—that "physic of the soul"
Is oftentimes offensive to the taste,
Though dropp'd in sugar, or in honey placed.
And, though my admonitions, wise and true,
I've tried to make acceptable to you,—
By sweetening them with poesy,—'tis well
To give my patients now a resting spell,
Ere, from my mind's alembic, I distil
Another potion, "bound to cure or kill."

PASCHALL'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO II.

Subject.

Paschall narrates some of his trials. A rebuff. Paschall's dream. His delightful morning walk with appropriate reflections. His gloomy prospects. A gem from the Atlantic Monthly. Paschall's Commentary. A tribute to Flora. The rights and wrongs of labor considered. Advice to working-men. Ditto to Politicians.—National Prosperity defined. Paschall's interview with a misanthropist. Conclusion of Canto the Second.

CANTO II.

My enterprise now launch'd, the world its tide,
By *proxy,* first the public mind I tried,
But when my Agent profitless turn'd back,
Myself resolv'd to try the dubious track.
I left my home;—and letters, many a score,
Credentials and certificates,—I bore.
I was successful,—but did not succeed;
Successful,—that I learned mankind, to read,
And found with what a world,—how slow to feel,
How cold and selfish, 't was my fate to deal;
Though simple truth I spoke, it was my lot
To find that many men believed me not.
When, on my roll of kind, endorsing names,
I show'd the signature of gifted James,

Who plainly my integrity declares,
And certifies the value of my wares.
They smil'd an unbelieving smile, and then:
"True, these appear like lines from James's pen,
But, that he wrote them, sir, we cannot know."
"Surely he did,—for I have told you so."
The answer comes, "*You* told!—I know you not:
And every day we rue some trickster's plot."
"My friend," I spoke, "what can I say or do?
Once let me start;—*my* plans you shall not rue.
Peruse this letter, sir, and understand
How just my claims."—The letter seeks his hand.
The honest paper he returns unread,
Points with his thumb, and "see you *that*"—he said:
I turn, some curious object to explore,—
"No:—pray, what is it?" Answer, "'T IS THE DOOR."

And thus we parted. For a night and day,
I in that town prolong'd my busy stay,

My arguments on others to bestow,
But heard from all the "inevitable No."
By small soul'd people, in the hours of light
Was I tormented; and by bugs at night,—
For naturalists this curious fact may note,
And give me credit when my words they quote,
That, where the insect tribes do most abound
Contracted souls will certainly be found:
All day I labored,—but, 'twas labor lost;
All night, on my uneasy couch I toss'd,—
My slumbers brief, with hideous dreams made shorter.
Terrific accidents by land and water,
In the charm'd circle of my fancy rose,
A long succession of the direst woes.
One dream I had,—that plagued me more than all,
And one which still it irks me to recall:
Fishing, I seem'd to sit beside a stream,
(A sport I seldom lik'd,—save in a dream;)
For many a tedious hour my prey I sought,
But not a fish was willing to be caught.

A score of imps upon a neighboring tree
Appear'd, and mock'd and grinned with ape-like glee;
My baffled hopes still seeming to deride,
Their scornful and insulting freaks they tried,—
At length, I got a *bite*;—and then I woke
And found the latter circumstance *no joke*.

So dim and cheerless did my prospects look,
That half I fear'd my calling I mistook.
Doubting my word was the severest stroke,
And when of man's great brotherhood I spoke,
And undertook the case to argue o'er
And show the truth,—then, I was shown the door!
'Twas hard to bear, and harder too for one,
Whose search for fortune lately had begun,
One who, like Cyrus learned in earliest youth
To use plain dealing and declare the truth.
With men who my sincerity denied,
Or doubted,—never could I long abide.

I turned my footsteps from that town suspicious
To revel o'er the rural scene delicious;
Hoping my sad experience on that spot,
Might be in pleasing solitude forgot.
It was the sweetest opening hour of morn,
When all the landscape beam'd as freshly bright,
As if it were a world new-form'd that night
That now awoke, rejoicing that 't was born:—
The birds, too, carrol'd in such gleeful strife,
It seemed that song had first begun their life.
While upward oft I, musing, turn'd my view,
As clearly shone the heaven's delicious blue,
As though the clouds that morn a vow had ta'en,
Never to mar those skies with frowns again!
By my chance foot-step shook, a dewy shower
Dropp'd from the fair cheek of each meadow flower:
While kindred gems bestrew'd the grassy earth,
And blithsome all did in the sun rays gleam,
Like tears of joy that, blent with smiles might beam.
Upon the dimpled face of artless mirth.

In nature's charms was nothing to annoy,
I view'd them all with gratitude and joy,
The tranquil landscapes which around me spread,
With calm delight my wounded spirit fed;
Such was my solace, when alone I stray'd
By the bright streamlet, through the copse wood shade.
And did I say, I roved *alone?* Not so;
For, as I paced by Susquehanna's flow,
While at my very feet its pure wave roll'd,
I felt the charm in "Ida's" * descant told;
That magic music's soft, entrancing tone
Was round me there, and I was *not* alone.
Sudden, a well known sound assailed my ear,
A whistle shrill, a rumbling noise I hear;
Distant at first it sounds, but soon 't is near.
That mighty engine, breathing smoke and flame;
Forth from old Alleghany's gorge it came

* *Ida.* A Poem in three Cantos, by an unknown Author.—See Notices at the end of book.

The crowded cars, with lightning speed flew by,
And Philadelphia's fame I there espy.
Sent from my native town, that clanging train,
Which smoked and roar'd and sparkled o'er the plain,
Seem'd an old friend, which to those wilds had come
To cheer my absence, and discourse of HOME.

To me how welcome was this view, so rife
With thriving progress, energy and life!
Thrice pleasant that the sight so soon should follow
My parley with that type of "Sleepy Hollow,"
From whom I parted but an hour before,
My "one-horse" friend, who pointed out the door!

Then to those distant times my thoughts withdrew,
When o'er our waters reigned the frail canoe;
And this vast continent gave naught beside,
To speed the wanderer o'er the river's tide.

Then, too, I thought of great Columbus' strife
With the harsh world, through years of weary life,
While sneer'd the scornful,—and the sullen frown'd,
When he, his mighty projects would expound,—
Till high and generous friends, at last, he found;
Travers'd the deep, and saw o'er ocean swell,
The verdant shores which he had won so well.
Yes, he, like *me*, did many a slight endure,
From those whose good he labor'd to secure;
Warning an age, ungrateful, to be wise,
And from his hand receive the glorious prize.
I thought, moreover, how, in later days,
The public, oft its benefactors pays:—
How Clay and Webster, (prodigies of mind!)
Were long, by judgment impotent and blind
In lowly stations, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,"
While men for worth or talents, not renown'd,
Mounted the ladder to the topmost round.

I thought of Fitch and Evans,*—whom *too late*,
A public undiscerning and ingrate,
Commended as the men whose mental force
Contriv'd the steamboat and the "iron horse."
I thought besides,—how long with cold distrust
And accusation, causeless and unjust,—
The noblest project of our age was flouted,
And still "old fogies" sneer'd, declaim'd and doubted,
Saying the CABLE never could be laid,—
Until 't was *done*:—that demonstration made,
The opposition ended in a blaze
Of wild excitement. Stupid with amaze!

* John Fitch is now universally acknowledged to have been the original inventor of the steamboat.

It is not so generally known that Oliver Evens a Philadelphian, was the real inventor of the locomotive steam engine. Attempts have been made in various quarters, and particularly here in Philadelphia! to deprive him of the credit due to this invention, but we are satisfied,—after an examination of all the evidence,—that the principle of the high pressure engine, which is essentially the principle of the locomotive, was first discovered and applied to the propulsion of land carriages, by this Philadelphian.

Dame Public, like an ancient matron stands,
Cries "wonderful!" and rubs her wither'd hands.
A million plaudits come on every gale,
The "scientific miracle" to hail:—
But, had misfortune that great work delay'd,
Dame Public still had opposition made;
Old fogyism still had scorn'd to yield
The least encouragement to Cyrus Field!

What other thoughts across my spirit came,
Ye can conjecture who have felt the same,
What thoughts are his, who, in unhardened youth,
With heart all hope and love, and soul all truth,
Goes forth, amidst the world's vast, bustling hive,
Nor doubts, by blameless industry to thrive;
To find where e're he makes his place of rest,
A friend and helper in each honest breast.
How feels he, as he roves from place to place,
Viewed like some monster alien to our race,

As though it were a daring deed of shame.
The meed of honest enterprise to claim?

Erring ambition is, indeed, a crime:
But 'tis a motive virtuous and sublime
When well directed,—while in doing well
My aspirations urg'd me to excell
Might not I hope for sympathy benign,
From men whose aims were similar to mine?
Kind words and smiles are easily supplied,
Yet *these* to merit often are denied!
But there was one, accustomed long to reign
The potent lord of fiction's bright domain:
Joy of our land,—his native Albion's boast,
Whose legend latest penn'd,—admir'd the most,
Shall, through its maze of wild adventurous life
Of love, of peril, and of fearful strife,
Lead the rapt fancy of a future age
To seek Lord Montague's immortal Page!

This Sovereign of Romance approv'd my claims,
With warm approval cheer'd my youthful aims:
And, (be, the world disdainful or benign,)
Gave me to boast the smiles of Genius mine.
And other friends I found whose cheering voice
Rais'd my dejected hopes and bade my heart rejoice.
But sweeter than the jonquil's opening bloom
My *kindred's* praise, ineffable perfume!
How often it reviv'd my drooping soul,
Bow'd down by crushing sorrow,—when the goal
I sought,—seem'd from my fond pursuit to fly,
And blackening clouds o'er shadow'd all my sky.
And oh most sweet those accents ever dear
The first that fell upon my infant ear,—
Which sooth'd me then with a controlling power,
And cheers me still in every darken'd hour;
Teaching me how to feel those truths sublime,
Which in the *Atlantic Monthly* late I met,
And which, without the embellishment of rhyme
Amidst poetic jewels may be set.

Though prose in form,—this speaks my earnest thought
And here, without apology 'tis placed,
A gem of purest ray,—superbly wrought,—
In my eccentric arabesque enchas'd.

"If
there be
one office or
character higher
than all others,—it is the
office or character of MOTHER.—
'Tis a sacred office and one which
does not yield in dignity and impor-
tance to any under heaven. For a woman
who faithfully fulfils this office, who patiently
performs its duties, and who exhausts her life
in a ceaseless overflow of love on those
whom God has given her, no words
can express a true man's ven-
eration. She claims the
homage of our hearts
the service of our
hands, the devo-
tion of our
lives."

Thanks, gentle scribe!—From every filial breast,
Responsive to the thought so well express'd,

Grateful emotion shall like incense rise,
And bless thy pen, which, eloquently wise,
These pious lines have on that tablet traced
With all Columbia's glowing genius graced.*
I thank thee for the good that thou hast done,
And, in the name of every mother's son,
I thank the Press that spreads thy votive lines,
Before a million of domestic shrines.
Next to the kindness of the good and wise,
Mute nature's touching sympathy I prize.
In every grove and garden I can find
Friends ever constant, sociable and kind.
Those blooming things on every field outspread,
Their gentle influence through my bosom shed,
They smile perpetually without deceit;
No flatterers they, though ever fair and sweet!

*The quotation on the preceding page is from an article entitled "Farming Life in New England" in the August number of the Atlantic Monthly, published by Philips, Samson & Co., No. 13 Winter St. Boston.

Never did sculptor's studio embrace
Such forms as theirs of ever varying grace;
Never did proudest artist's brush, array
In contrast, hues so delicately gay.
To view, to tend, to deck our homes with flowers,
Seems to infuse their nature into ours;
Their pure, ethereal life, and spirit-softening powers.
The toiling sons of Britain prove this well,
Who, 'mid the gloom of dusky forges dwell,
Yet seek, at eve, their children forth to lead,
Where green boughs wave o'er Aston's blossom'd mead.
His cherish'd cup the labourer now forbears,
To win the sweets of Aston for his heirs;
And, that bless'd spot, he makes securely theirs.*
Thus, in our own free land such fair retreat
Should soothe the toiler, spent with din and heat,

* This passage alludes to the recent purchase of Aston Castle, and the adjacent grounds, by the celebrated cutlery establishments of Birmingham, England. The lands purchased are intended to be a place of resort and recreation for the working people of the Birmingham factories.

That there, his thoughts might find as fresh a tone,
As pure and genial, as is Nature's own.

I am a man of toil;—my head, my heart
And hands are all engag'd on labor's part:
I think,—I feel for the hard-fisted crew,
And what is better still,—I act,—I do.
And let me whisper in your ears, ye tailors,
Ye crispinites, ye carpenters and nailers
Ye blacksmiths, butchers, basket-weavers, bakers,
Ye cartwrights, tinkers, coopers, cabinet-makers,
And all ye men of handy-craft vocation,
This hint I give you for consideration:
Whene're you seek for sympathizing kindness,—
Do not, in your infatuated blindness,
Call on the demagogues of any faction,
Whose strength in *talking* lies, and not in action.
Mistake no smart Attorney for your friend,
And on no gassy lecturers depend;

Those gentlemen, who manual labor hate,
Can't feel the hardships of the workman's fate:
But, I, for labor's rights have been a pleader,
Although, in party politics, no leader,—
No office seeker, no official's slave,
Waiting for jobs upon the State House pave.
From government I don't expect a crumb;
But, I can say, with Terence, "*Homo sum,*"
Et cetera,; meaning "I am *man,* (d'ye see,)
And nothing human is alien to me."
The milk of human kindness in my breast,
Is pure and genuine, no unwholesome pest,
Such as Hibernian hawkers through our town,
In gaudy wagons carry up and down;—
Mocking the people with their signs, (all flummery,)
"Right fresh from Chester county, or Montgomery."
Albeit the wretched stuff has never been
Where clover flowers bloom, and fields look green,
But, from some foul suburban lane is brought,
A nauseous poison, at four cents per quart.

I say that my benevolence was never
Of such a sort,—no spurious composition
Of chalk and water;—but my best endeavor,
My earnest struggle, and my chief ambition,
Is doing good to men of every class,
To rich and poor,—to Adam's sons *en masse.*
As goes the world, the wealthy are the strong,—
Thrice arm'd are they against all social wrong;
Encas'd in golden mail, so stout and splendid,
They need no champion, but are self-defended.
The poor require *protection;* in their weakness,
Their toilsome struggles and their suffering meekness,
We read their claims imperious, that appeal
To heads reflective, and to hearts that feel.
To prove how labor meets with rude rebuff,
One recent fact is eloquent enough:
When Uncle Sam of iron-work good store,
Did wish to use on fair Potomac's shore,

How many laboring men beheld with joy
The prospect near, of long-desir'd employ!
With eager haste,—they seek the toilsome task,
And scarce a living compensation ask;
For much our foundry-men desir'd to gain
That chance for labor,—but they hoped in vain:
Little their wants did government consider!
The job was given to the lowest bidder.
And let home-labor be as cheap as 't will,
The foreign pauper under-bids us still.
Some Scottish men,—from "filthy Glasgow," sent,
Their propositions to the patriot gent
Who had this iron contract to give out,
(A money-making job for *him*, no doubt;)
And he, to save some dollars, soon agreed,
These under-bidding foreigners to feed;
Leaving his countrymen in want and woe,
To mourn the selfish greed which serv'd them so.

But, on that man,—with grasping avarice curs'd
A storm of public indignation burst.
Then stern reproofs from every press were pour'd
Upon his deed, detested and abhorred;—
And I, in rhyming wrath, (a thing to dread,)
Now launch my fulminations at his head.
Oh! politicians!—statesmen!—men of gas!
Where is your wisdom?—where your wits, alas!
When ye on idle themes, your force expend,
And vain discussions, that can have no end?
Silence your clatter,—stop the talking mill,
Be wise, if possible,—or else be *still.*
We've heard enough of your eternal prate,
Your logic weak and profitless debate:
Let your "vex'd questions," for awhile, have rest,
Let North and South, in quietude digest
Their humors splenetic,—their passions cool,—
And learn obedience to the scripture rule:

"Obey the powers that be."—Ye senseless praters,
Ye noisy and unprofitable debaters,—
Know ye the theme *momentous?* 'T is the one
Which such as you most sedulously shun:
The RIGHTS OF LABOR. Make *that* theme your study,
And clarify your mental fountains muddy,
Scour your judgments, make them fair and bright;
Then in a better intellectual light,
Discern these truths;—where labor is protected,
Good order is maintain'd, and law respected:
Loafers and rowdies must decrease in number,
And criminals, will less our courts encumber;
No more will hopeless destitution swell
The population of the Alms-house cell.
The Guardians of the Poor perhaps will sigh,
When, for fresh "subjects" customers apply:
To meet demands, the stock will scarce suffice,
And then dead paupers shall be raised—in price.

Oh! joyous time, when men of high estate,
Columbia's nobles,—all the proud and great,
Our merchant princes,—all who live at ease,
And work, or play, or slumber, as they please:
When these magnificoes shall be persuaded
That honest industry can't be degraded
Without the risk of terrible disasters
To those who make themselves the poor man's masters,
When this sublime discovery shall be made:
That our producing classes must be *paid*,
Not with "starvation wages," like the verminy
And wretched laborers of France and Germany,
But, with a full and generous compensation,
To suit the liberal spirit of our nation;
When all our citizens,—both high and low,—
These truths shall understand and say "That 's so!"
Then Yankee greatness shall attain its height,
Then Uncle Sam I 'll hail with much delight;
"Keep moving, uncle! dash ahead! all 's right."

Society's progressive when all classes,
Can mix, like hasty pudding and molasses,
In sweet accord ;—when each can feel for others,
And all confess the ties which make them brothers.

True, there are some unable to conceive
How one man's woes should make another grieve ;
Or why philanthropists have often shown
More care for others' welfare than their own.
With such a man 't was late my lot to meet,
When my chance wanderings found his lone retreat.
Beside a hut which his own hands had rear'd,
He sat, with patch'd attire and bristling beard,
No dwelling else of human kind was nigh ;
And the untrampled grass grew strong and high.
Surly, he eyed me,—his unbidden guest ;—
But gently thus the recluse I address'd :
" My friend, there seems a meditative tone
In your sad breast, which echoes to my own,

In nature's mighty studio you abide,
Muse o'er her charms, and nought desire beside.
With her 't is yours, in converse high, to rove;
As sages erst through Academus grove,
Expounding wisdom's laws, their pupils led;
Thus, doubtless, oft this forest maze you tread."
"That woods," he cried, "is full of snakes and briars,
Lizards,—a million,—or I am prince of liars.
True, the dead boughs are good for making fires."
"But sure," I said, "yon river's distant blue
Placidly grand, delights your pensive view."
Scornful he answers, "Humph! a pretty joke!
Guess, if you saw the clouds, as thick as smoke
Of fierce musquitoes hanging o'er the brim
Of that same stream, and felt on every limb,
Their stings remorseless, as I nightly do,—
You 'd soon get sickened of your watery view."
Surprised, I queried, "If, then, fancy's power
You scorn,—nor love the meditative hour:

If nature's sweets mere trash to you appear,
Why have you made your lonely dwelling here ?"
"Few words," he said, "my reasons will express ;—
I love not nature more, but cities less.
My youth and prime within your town I spent,
And there long sought for gladness and content :
In youth, surrounded by a kindred band,
For hours, at corners, listless I would stand ;
But oft with phrase opprobrious, the police,
Would rudely push me from my place of ease.
For active pleasure, at the shout of 'Fire !'
The engine I'd pursue through wet and mire ;
But combats oft, without my wish, arose,
In which no fame was won, but many blows.
In manhood, of a small estate the heir,
No toil of hands or brains my soul could bear ;
I, in a speculation, merged my cash,
Which promised to make fortunes at one dash.

My funds I lost,—my patience, too, expir'd,
And to these shades, indignant, I retir'd.
What man of sense, midst human haunts would dwell,
Where horse-meat sausages for pork they sell?
Where crinolines and credit schemes expand,
Producing fearful 'panics' through the land?
Where parsons wear tight patent-leather boots,
And shoe-blacks strut in fashionable suits?
Where dandies dash about in hired gigs;
Astonishing the public and the "pigs?"
"Stay, friend," I cried, "t'were juster to let them
To whom the world owes aught, the world condemn:
Worse than they *are*, mankind would surely be,
If all like you, who human errors see,
Should seek concealment in some wood or cave,
As the grub digs, and enters its own grave.
Yet, if like you, our lives and powers we spend
In dozing torpor, aiming at no end,

It were for us, and for our race, as well,
We should retire in solitude, to dwell.
My model, he, who, midst the jars of life,
Can stem the torrent, and control the strife;
Who seems, to trivial difficulties, blind,
But sees and feels for all that wrongs his kind.
Of testy railings, he expends no store;
By his example, men love virtue more,
And vice must blush, that never blush'd before."

PASCHALL'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO III.

Subject.

Paschall relates a startling night adventure. He is apprehensive of robbery and assassination. Curious occurrences at a rural tavern. He mistakes a star for something else. Advantages of plain dealing. Master Bennett's Yatch race. Paschall determines to attend the World's Convention at Brussells. His speech, prepared for that occasion. Tribute to religion. The decease of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng. Conclusion of Canto the Third.

CANTO III.

Remote from home, still striving at my trade,
Once at a rural inn, my course I stayed,
When the dim woods were wrapp'd in deeper gloom,
As night advanced, impatient to resume
Her "leaden empire." By fatigue oppressed,
Her morphic power already I confess'd:
And when the creaking sign I saw and heard,
Albeit, the post most gallows-like appear'd,
And General Jackson's portrait, hanging there,
Could not with Raffaell's workmanship, compare.
I gazed, delighted on those emblems, rude,
Which promised comfort in the solitude,—
And hop'd, at this lone hostelry, to spend
Some hours in rest, till Luna should ascend

Above the piny forest, and make bright
My devious pathway with her silvery light;
For I, with anxious haste, my journey sped,
To reach a town, not many miles ahead.
Dismounting at the humble tavern door,
My steed I fasten, and the house explore:
The rustic host, behind his lattice stood,
And seem'd a very tiger in his mood.
Dark was his brow, his fiercely rolling eye
Was form'd, I thought, to threaten and defy:
He scowl'd, forbiddingly, upon his guest,
Nor greeting gave, nor welcome he express'd.
When I, my wishes and designs made known,
He answered in a harsh and grating tone:
"What nonsense this?—to stop for half a night,
And take the road again, before 't is light!
Why, so much haste?—what drives you on, I pray;
Think you there is some danger in delay?
You've left your wife, perhaps, and run away.

But, you're too young for *that,* I must confess;
Some fugitive apprentice, as I guess.
We 'll see you advertis'd I'm much afraid,
" Six cents reward,—but no expenses paid ! "
" My friend," said I, with dignity austere,
" Some business of importance brings me here.
In haste I came,—in haste I likewise go,
But the occasion, Sir, you need not know."
" O, now I see what 't is," the host replies,
Malicious cunning, twinkling in his eyes :
" You are *collecting* :—for your cash you shiver,
Lest some brave chap should urge you to deliver.
Think you 't is safer in the dark to creep,
Than at my excellent hotel to sleep ?
Ho ! ho ! my youngster, you may be mistaken ;
You'd better stay with me, and save your bacon.
Your horse is quite worn out, unfit for travel,
O'er such a road, so thick with sand and gravel.

Stay, stay, and sleep securely till to-morrow,
Or you may find the difference to your sorrow."
This said, my host, aloud, for "Rufus," cried.
"I come," another startling voice replied;—
Then, from a dark recess, popped forth a head,
With features fierce, and locks of fiery red.
A physiognomy repulsive:—more
Alarming still, than that the landlord wore.
"This gentleman, (my surly host then spoke,)
Attends my bar:—If you conclude to poke
Your way by night, he'll take your orders straight;
He sleeps above, in chamber No. 8.
And, if you start before the daylight breaks,
Go in and give him half a dozen shakes;
And he'll bring out your creter,*—if he wakes."
"For five and forty miles," did Rufus say
Your road extends,—a rough and crooked way?"

* Creter,—i. e.,—horse.

And yet, "said I," fate dooms me to proceed:
Travel I must: so saddle my good steed
When the third sunless hour of morning chimes,
Then rouse me quick, for I must ride betimes."
Grim Rufus pledged his word, my charge to keep,
And, having supped, I sought my place of sleep:
But mine was not the tranquil, sweet repose,
Which he, who sleeps midst friends and kindred, knows.
Distant from home, I roved, a stranger here,
Through regions lonely, desolate and drear:
But, worse, my host's harsh speech and furtive eye
Suspicions stirred,—although I scarce knew why!
And stalwart Rufus look'd like one decreed
To plan, and execute a ruffian deed.
They knew my mission, and its nature told,
My purse could not be destitute of gold.
And, worst of all,—that eve I had descried
These men, in whispering conference, aside;
While me, with strange and stealthy looks, they eyed.

Though these dark omens, o'er me, seem'd to frown,
Upon my bed of straw, I laid me down,
And fitful dozed,—while all the house around,
Was wrapped in stillness, awful and profound,
Save when the baying of some distant hound
Or the faint chirping swallow's cry was heard.—
When the night breezes through the poplars stirr'd.
The stars smiled down into my chamber lone,—
I thought they ne'er before so bright had shone!
And wondered, if so sweet their glances fell,
Upon the far off home I loved so well.
I rose :—methought the appointed hour was near,
When Rufus should, to summon me, appear
And having clothed in haste, I made my way
To "chamber 8,"—where this dread mortal lay.
I knock'd in vain ;—then, opening the door,
I called,—but all was silent as before.
I entered,—placed my hand upon the bed,
But my touch met no Rufus,—but instead

A sleeping mastiff's rough and hairy hide!
The place was all untenanted beside.
Yet he had said that chamber was his lair,
And that I certainly would find him there.
As, in the darkness, all alone I stood,
Grim thoughts of peril turn'd to ice my blood.
Where then was Rufus?—on some gloomy spot
Of my lone road, perhaps he waits—for *what?*
And then I thought of travellers way-laid,
And robb'd, and murdered in the forest shade:
Such tales horrific often had I read
In early youth till overcome with dread,—
The awful book I clos'd, and shivering, slunk to bed.
But never yet for murder's foul design
Was path more fitly desolate than mine;
And nothing on such path could fright me more
Than such a ruffian phiz as Rufus bore.
Then, as the man, mid hostile waves who dies,
Sees in one flash his past and future rise,

So, did my home with all its faces dear,
And my wreck'd hopes, in one sad view appear.
Struggling my apprehension to subdue,
I tapped the door of chamber Number Two:
The occupant was rous'd "Who raps?" he cries.
"Pray tell me, friend," said I, "where Rufus lies?"
Answer—"In Number Eight."—"He is not there!"
I said, in thrilling accents of despair.
"That's wonderous strange;" my fellow lodger said,—
"He ne'er at night was absent from his bed."
With still increasing doubts, through the dense gloom
I felt my passage to a lower room:
Where, from a grate,—a dim and lurid ray
Did that room's contents partially display.
A negro huge lay slumbering on the floor,
The walls resounding to his sonorous snore.
In vain I call'd and push'd him with my foot;
He lay as torpid as a bale of soot.

Then, like a cask I rolled him round and round,
'Till, waked at last,—his vocal powers he found:
"Stop, massa, please!'—thus did the Ethiop roar,
"Don't flog poor Jim, he not do so no more!"
Where Rufus was? I bade the trembler tell,
Or else conduct me to his master's cell.
As if he fear'd the lash,—the officious Jim
Led me through passes tortuous and dim.
Searching the spacious house on every floor,—
We paus'd to knock at every chamber door.
"Is Rufus here?"—This question often ask'd,
The patience of the lodgers sorely task'd,
And many a strong response to us was made;
Many inverted compliments were paid
To me and Rufus both:—but none would deign
That man's mysterious absence to explain.
At length, we reach'd a squalid dormitory,
'T was situated in the highest story;

(The attic called, where poets oft abide,
And many more unfortunates, beside:)
Here slept the reeking hostler of the inn,
Encompass'd by an atmosphere of gin
And bad tobacco. Here my Ethiop guide,
The object of my anxious search espied;
A thrill of joy pervaded all my breast,
And scarce a shout of gladness I suppress'd.
Rufus *was* there! I saw his crimson head
Protruding from the hostler's truckle bed:
This circumstance assured me, he was not
Waiting to rob me, on some lonely spot;
And that terrific apprehension ended,
With Rufus, I no more, could feel offended:
Though his strange tricks, on that eventful night,
Had filled my soul with trouble and affright.
Some light was, on his mystic conduct, shed,
When my enquiries urged him to confess:
Being *indisposed*, what time he went to bed,
(More drunk than usual, as I shrewdly guess,)

He, in his "obfuscation," unawares,
Passed "Number Eight," and stumbled up the stairs,
Until he reach'd that elevated room
Appropriated to the stable-groom.
Here, on the hostler's bed, till break of day,
He deem'd it most expedient to stay;—
Not having strength enough to walk away.
He had not call'd me,—for his dizzy brain,
No memory of his promise could retain;
And when, with much ado, his sleep I broke,
In surly accents, thus the tapster spoke:
"They must be stirring people in your state,
If business there, they drive at such a rate.
Call'd up at midnight! Figs! if that's your plan,
I'm glad I'm not a Pennsylvania man."
Soon was I mounted, ready to depart;
"Good morning, friend," I said, with lighten'd heart,
"If ever more upon this wretched ground,
A man of my appearance should be found,

I give you leave to seize him on the road,
And place him in some lunatic abode."
My ardent steed, no longer could be stay'd,
But, o'er the grouud, a rapid progress made;
Behind me, soon the murky forests fade!
Homeward we speed:—my horse, as well as I,
The attraction felt, and seem'd inclin'd to fly.
Now, on the far horizon's dark blue line,
A sparkling point of light was seen to shine:
Methought a light-house, on some distant beach,
With guiding ray, my lonely path did reach.
That kindly beacon, keeping still in sight,
I sped more swiftly, t'wards the friendly light:
But, wondering much, to find it still remote,
I gave the glittering sign more heedful note;
Then, first, I saw there was no light-house there,
To send a cheering token through the air:
But, 't was the morning planet's welcome ray,
That gave the promise of approaching day!

Then did I think how Bethlehem's sacred star,
Once led the Eastern sages from afar;
And grateful, own'd the same presiding grace,
Had been my guidance through that dreary place.
That night's experience typified MY LIFE;
Sometimes with terrors and vexations, rife,
Sometimes a gloomy and disastrous route,
Until the morning-Star of Hope shone out.
At length, prosperity, like opening day,
Dispers'd the gloom, and brighten'd all my way.
I have surmounted obstacles immense,
And, spite of most unpromising events,
Behold the dawning of complete success;
Which I, with humble gratitude, confess.
Happy is he, who, on his worldly task,
May, conscientiously, a blessing ask;
Thrice happy, he, whose daily toil conduces,
To noble and unquestionable uses;

Who gains a blessing, while he gathers pelf,
And serves the public, when he serves himself;
Such was my chance :—for my successful art
Brought peace and happiness to many a heart,
Relum'd hope's taper, sinking in the socket,
And, with a shining harvest, fill'd my pocket.
To toil and persevere, was still my plan;
"Man makes the trade, and not the trade the man."
But, in pursuit of profit or renown,
Plain dealing wins the prize or laurel crown,
Though sometimes, trickery—or deception, base,
May *seem* to be successful in the race:
Thus, Master Bennett, in that yacht affair,
Did, (as the Gotham journalists declare,)
By crooked policy, the cup obtain;
But all his ingenuity was vain!—
Though he contrived to take a shorter cut,
By stealing, like a smuggler, through "Plumb Gut;"

And thus his rivals in the race outstripp'd,
The public still pronounced him fairly whipp'd;
And ridicule, from every quarter, pour'd,
Till, by the jokes of journalism bored,—
He sues for mercy,—gives his triumph up,
And, willingly resigns his silver cup;
Hoping the papers, will, their batteries shut,
And make no further mentiom of Plumb Gut.

In my prosperity,—my grateful debt
To *Literature* I never can forget,
Being an *amateur* of that fine art,
I serve its interests with all my heart:
Hence, when in convocation, most sublime,
The art and authorship of every clime,
At Brussels meet, (for such is the intention,)
Duty may call me to that "World's Convention.'
Though it is rumored that a pleasant scribe,
(One, Mr. Cozzens,)—by the scribbling tribe

Of Yankeedom,—to represent them there
Has been selected by a ballot, fair.—
I cannot well conceive how Mr. C.,
Our *only* representative can be,—
Since all the bards and bardlings of each nation
Are summoned, by a general invitation:
Yea, all who use the chisel, brush or pencil,
And even those, who letters make by stencil,
On bales and boxes,—thither may, with me, come;
Each has received the *summons ducce tecum*,
A phrase of good law Latin, which implies
That each, who, to that convocation hies,
Must with him bring some sample of his skill,
Genius or tact,—to prove his right to fill
A seat among those prodigies of mind,
The lights of earth, and magnates of mankind.
When, to that grand assemblage, I repair,
For my credentials, with me I will bear
A speech poetical, which, on that occasion,
I hope will make considerable sensation.

Of this harangue, a faithful copy here,
To gratify my readers,—I produce,
Before 'tis stored away, like lager beer,—
To ripen and ferment for future use.

PASCHALL'S SPEECH AT THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

"Ye painters, sculptors, poets, all who follow
Those glorious arts held sacred to Apollo;
Ye representatives of every nation,
I greet you all with cordial salutation.
Albeit a sovereign in my native land,
On equal terms among you here I stand.
Though many here a royal master own,
Or mistress (which is worse) while I have none,
And never yet have seen a mortal elf
Whom I suppose much greater than myself;
Yet, without pride or arrogance, I greet you,
And truly say I 'm very glad to meet you.

Well gents, to business, after this preamble:
We all, I guess, for fame and fortune scramble,
And hence, in one respect, are equals all;
A common interest, brothers, is the call
Which brings us here together in this hall.
I do'nt know what your grievances may be,
But, if you please, I'll tell what vexes *me;*
I hope you've heard (to introduce the theme,)
That in my country all things go by steam!
In all the various movements of creation
Nothing goes faster than the Yankee Nation.
This is the very thing that makes me grumble,
For they who move too fast will sometimes stumble;
Our brains are oft so rapid in expansion
They sometimes burst or crack the bony mansion.
At times, a Yankee such strange acts commits,
That people doubt the soundness of his wits;
And the whole nation has its crazy fits.

It seems to me a symptom of insanity,
(And I 'm a judge, I reckon without vanity,)
For Uncle Sam to take no active measures
For the protection of his mental treasures.
Long have I held that Literature indeed,
Does for its sons some laws protective need,
And for those also whose parental trade
First shows the author's thought in print display'd.
A Gotham publisher but lately saw
What ills arise from want of such a law:
When for a tale (though no stupendous job,)
He plac'd *two thousand,* cash, in Thackeray's fob!
But from his page he soon beheld each word
To columns of a daily sheet transferr'd,
And the same prize, by daring plunder gain'd,
Which first his liberal enterprise obtain'd.
Alas!—what property have authors left,
When of their very brains by rogues bereft,
While government itself approves the theft?

The contraband adventurer nought restrains
From smuggling the best products of our brains.
Oh be these literary pirates check'd
By finding every port of entry barr'd;—
The foster-sires of authordom protect,
For thus the rights of intellect you guard.
What would green turtle be without a cook?
And, without publishers, what were a book?
By *them* the banquet of the mind is plac'd
To win each eye and titilate each taste;
Within their incubating oven, dwells
That warmth which bids young authors break their shells;
Who else, perhaps, had ne'er found wings or legs,
But, in oblivion lain, like addled eggs.

Our Yankee publishers have *tried* to tell
What scheme of copyright would please them well;

See the instructions given by some dozens
Of booksellers, to Mr. Frederick Cozzens,—
(Their delegate,) in language so profound,
That scarce one reader can the meaning sound;
And if Fred Cozzens can the sense unravel,
That, of itself, will prove him fit to travel
On such a mission;—for to comprehend
That foggy document from end to end,
Will need a mind of wonderful capacity,
And almost supernatural sagacity.
But, if my colleague, Cozzens, can explain
What 't is the folks, who sent him, would obtain,—
If he can make you foreign people see
What puzzled all my countrymen and me,
I beg this convocation, not to slight
The wants, so very strangely brought to light;
Provided, the request needs no denying,
And you should not be *Cozzen'd*, by complying."

This specimen of my address I give,
But, not to make it stale before 't is spoke
The richest part in manuscript shall live,
Well spiced with shrewd remark and Attic joke:
Until pronounced, before the assembly grand,
The master intellects of every land;
Thence, by the press, 't is o'er the world diffused,
To be, by critics, flattered or abused.

But, all which there I see, and all that 's said,
May, in a future descant, be display'd
If *Paschall's Pilgrimage,* approval gain
From those to whom he dedicates his strain.
Nor, are approving friends to me denied:—
Such, too, whose sanction wakes an honest pride.
Not seldom have I met the cheering word
From those whose voice for Truth alone, is heard:
That happy, holy and selected band,
To whom, between a guilty world to stand,

And the dread doom it merits, it is given;
Dwellers on Earth, but citizens of Heaven!
Oh! what were freedom, learning, science, arts,
Without that light the gospel's lamp imparts?
Her virtuous laws, did Sparta boast in vain,
And Greece, of sages, show her mighty train,
While Cæsar's arm, and wise Justinian's tome,
As vainly proved the varied gifts of Rome.
Their empires, soon, in mad confusion tost,
In ruin plunged—to all the future lost.
Nought but a pure religion was denied
To these:—and nought could give them strength beside.
How bless'd our times!—Thrice bless'd are mercy's powers,
That gave a Christian ministry, like ours!
While our good pastors teach us how to live,
They oft, in death, a nobler lesson give.

So, with his parting breath, lamented Tyng
Bade those he left, still to their Saviour cling.
Once more, the cheering hymn he asked to hear,
That most, in Sabbath-praise, had pleas'd his ear,
And, upward borne upon the pious strain,
His spirit found its native skies again.
The sceptic's pride sinks with his wasting breath,
But Faith can triumph on the bed of death!

Fools, they, who deem that penalties severe,
Make up the lot of virtue's children here!
My own experience bids me to believe
That honest plans can great success achieve,
While ill-got gains, like the half-rooted flower,
Oft bloom and perish, in the self same hour.
Thus, oft I 've seen the bold impostor fail,
While truth and sterling probity prevail;
Upborne by pure integrity's calm trust,
And cheer'd by praises of the good and just.

Still, in the course so hopefully begun,
Have I resolv'd the race of life to run,
Till, to the tribes that dwell in every zone,
The name and deeds of Paschall shall be known,
And all, in him, a benefactor own.

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From the *Boston Evening Transcript*:—"We have received from the publisher a little volume with the above title, which, if we mistake not, is the true story of a life. The tale possesses no originality to attract,—it is the common one of wounded affection; but there is such an impression of truthfulness conveyed in some of its delineations, that one might think its author painted from his own experience. 'Ida' is the impersonation of feminine grace and loveliness, and her hero of all that is faithful and true in the affections: and the skill of the writer is shown in the pathos and interest with which he has vested so common a subject. The classic purity of the verse, and the great simplicity and ease of the narrative, make it worthy of the better days of English song; and we predict for the author of this little poem a wreath of *immortelles* from the judgment of those who best can command the verdict of posterity."

From *Harper's Magazine*:—"'Ida' is the title of an anonymous poem in three books, published by Edward S. Morris, Philadelphia. Polished and graceful to an uncommon degree in its versification, this little poem exhibits a fine contemplative vein, and a pervading tone of genuine pathos."

From the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, (Boston):—"A poem entitled 'Ida.' The author's name is not given; but, whoever he may be, he has put in print a very beautiful poetic tale, containing many passages of great merit. The story is that of a lover dear to one heart, but repulsed by the parents on account of his poverty Seeking a foreign land, the artist-lover acquires fame and becomes the heir to great wealth. He returns to find his Ida fading rapidly away, and death prevents the happy consummation of their hopes. The character of Ida, however little the tale may have foundation in truth, is evidently no ideal being, for she is portrayed in colours so beautiful and glowing that the heart must have appreciated and the eye seen what the hand describes."

From the *Boston Daily Atlas*:—"Ida: Philadelphia, Edward S. Morris. With this title, a poem of a little more than a thousand stanzas has been issued in a thin duodecimo volume. It is a production of no inconsiderable merit: its versification is smooth, pleasing, and correct; the diction pure, and the narrative touching, though simple. It is a tale of unhappy love, in no wise remarkable in plot, yet pleasing from its simplicity and want of ostentation."

From *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, (New York:) "This is a charming little poem. The versification is quite graceful and flowing, and the sentiments pure and elevated. 'Love, the spirit that pervades the earth.' forms its theme, which is treated with delicacy and beauty."

From the *Christian Register*, (Boston:)—"Ida, a Poem. The poem to which the above title is appended is written in the heroic couplet. If we were to characterize it, we should refer it to the class of tales or romances in verse. The author introduces himself as going forth amid the scenes of nature, of which he exhibits himself an enthusiastic lover. In the course of his ramble, which he describes with a fresh and warm pencil, he meets with the principal personage, who reveals himself as the lover of Ida. We arose from its perusal with a very pleasing impression of its general merits. The style is chaste and classic, and the sentiments pure and elevated, and highly honourable to the author, who seems to have breathed upon it the first freshness of his inspirations. The incidents are natural and probable, though few and simple. We were struck by some of the scenes as being happily described.

"For ourselves, we cordially welcome it, and think we may safely commend it to the notice of our readers."

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The following letter was addressed to the Publisher of Ida by a young gentleman recently married. We give it as a matter of special interest to all persons in similar circumstances.

Fort Desmoines, I wa, Nov. 30, 1857.

MR. EDW'D S. MORRIS, Publisher,

Dear Sir:

The copy of "Ida," a poem, was received through the mail, and so great has been the pleasure afforded my wife and myself by the perusal of it, that I cannot reconcile it to my feelings to omit giving at least, a simple and unexaggerated tribute to the merits of that charming poetical story. To a refined intellect, true poetry is always grateful and in season, but we perused Ida at a time when the sentiments of pure and lofty affections which it breathes were inexpressibly congenial to our spirits.

The round moon which rose with its fullest lustre on our bridal eve had just decreased to the form "of a silver bow new bent in the heaven," when we commenced the perusal of Ida. At such a time the bosom swells with thoughts to which we long to give utterance, but which seem beyond the scope of earthly language;—yet in the pages of Ida these tenderest and holiest emotions of the soul speak forth in all their force and beauty. That it requires the heart of a lover to fully appreciate this poem is as certain, as that it requires the genius of a poet to write it. We felt, as together we completed the reading of Ida, that loftier thoughts and aspirations had arisen in our souls during its perusal,—that the pinions of love were nerved for a higher and more enduring flight:—and we hailed with exultation the auspicious omen, with which our wedded life had commenced.

I speak without affectation or extravagance, when I declare my solemn belief that the sentiments then impressed on our minds will have a brightening and vivifying effect on all our matrimonial career. If I had a friend or relation who was about entering the conjugal state my first gift to them should be a copy of "Ida," with an earnest request to read it intently and treasure up in memory the teachings of its melodious numbers. Every bride should take for her model the meekness and tenderness of the enchanting heroine, and every husband should study the unchanging faithfulness and devotion of her noble-spirited lover. My wife is never wearied with reading and repeating passages from the poem, and nothing could afford me more gratifying evidence of her elegant and cultivated taste. I am, sir, your sincere and well wishing

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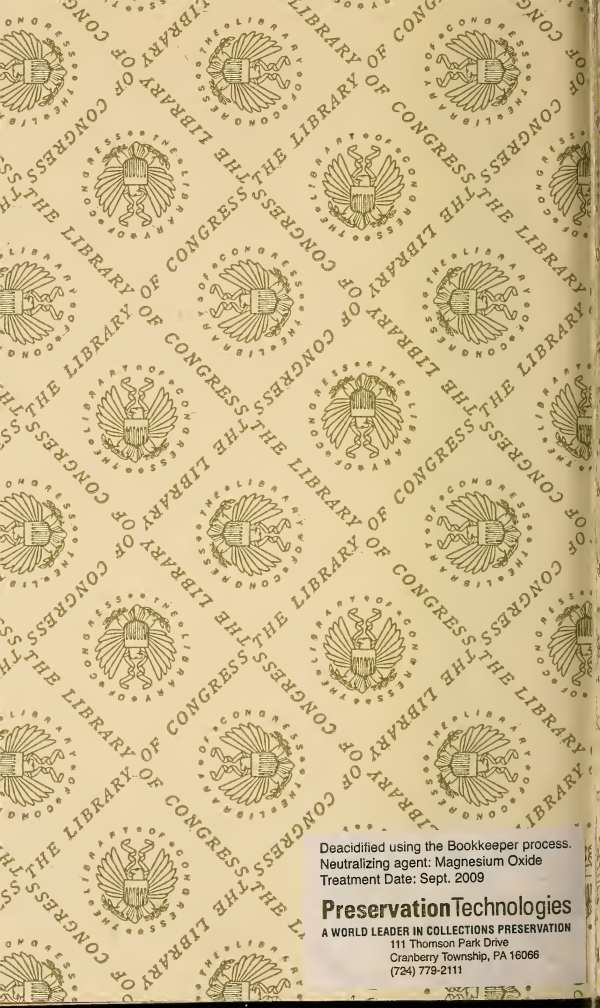

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